

To those which there
imprisoned are; Which, once in
chains, are never free !

Which still for ^vant of succour
pine! Dry sighs, salt-wat'ry tears,
which be

For dainty cakes and pleasant
wine! Immured with pure white
ivory_s

Fetters of adamant to
draw₉ Even steel itself, if it
be nigh !

A bondage without right or
law! With poor ACTEON
overthrown

But for a look! and with an eye
In his clear arms, LOVE'S Sergeant
known^

Arrests each lover that goes by.
This is her Heart! Love's Prison
called !

Whose conquest is impregnable.
Whence, who so chance to be
enthralled,

To come forth after, are
unable. Further to pass than
I have seen,

Or more to shew than may
be told; Were too much
impudence ! I ween :

Here, therefore, take mine
anchor hold 1 And with the
Roman Poet, deem

Parts unrevealed to be most
sweet; Which here described,
might evil beseem

And for a modest Muse
unmeet. Such blessed
mornings seldom be !

Such sights too rare when men
go by! Would I but once the like
might see;

Then I might die, before I die 1

SESTINE 4.



Cno! What shall I do to my Nymph, when I
go, to behold

her? ECHO, Hold her!

So dare I not! lest She should think that I

make her a prey
then! ECHO, Pray then!